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CHANTICLEER
POEMS

EDWARD F. JACKMAN



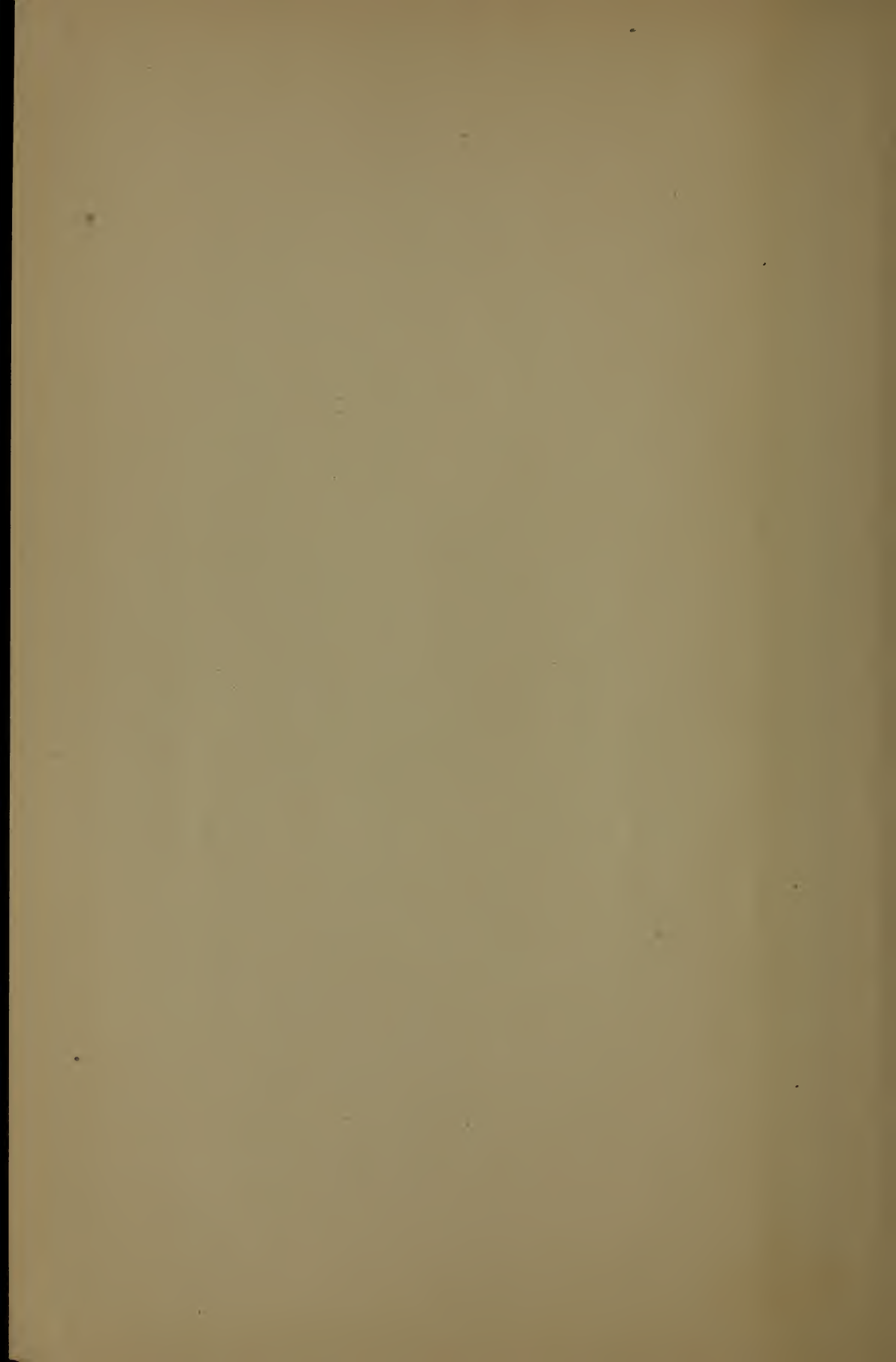


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CHANTICLEER POEMS

EDWARD F. JACKMAN

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PREFACE

The author takes pleasure in offering to the public this little book of verse, the writing of which has afforded him during an active business-life, a never failing source of joy and pleasure.

*May the teaching of sages
Who have lived through the ages
Since the creation of man,
His conception and birth
Inspire our laws
And make us a nation,
The first and the greatest
And freest on earth.*

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CHANTICLEER POEMS

CHANTICLEER

Chanticleer, Chanticleer,
Gayly your note I hear,
Loudly the stilly air rings
 With its din.

Herald of the morning,
The great day is dawning,
And free is your note as ye
 Usher it in.

Chanticleer, Chanticleer,
Who tuned your note so clear?
Who gave you feeling to
 Welcome the morn?

Who paints your colors bright?
Who guides each ray of light?
Long life to Chanticleer, who
 Welcomes the dawn.

SONG BIRDS AT DAWN

O'er the hills the morning is breaking;
Brightly the eastern skies are aglow.
Throughout the woodland's bird life's awaking,
Sweetly the notes from their yellow throats flow.

Hark to the bob-o-link's note of greeting!
Robin-red-breast adds his sweet refrain.
Myriad bird-notes the air's permeating;
Bluebirds are singing a joyous strain.

O'erhead a tiny thrush is singing;
Yonder, you hear the oriole's lay.
Sweetly, melodious notes are ringing;
Ushering in the dawning of the day.

LINES TO A BIRD

Little bird that sings to me,
Song of joy, of hope, and gladness,
Dispelling, by your note so free,
All my pensiveness and sadness.

From where the boughs of yonder tree,
Half your tiny form's concealing,
Comes your silvery note to me,
Softly on my senses stealing.

Why thou singest thus, I know not,
Nor what thy mission here may be ;
But, sweet bird, thy song this morning
Brings new hope and joy to me.

THE AWAKENING

Have you watched the mist at morning,
Disappear before the dawning?
Have you heard the feathered songsters
Raise their sonorous hue and cry?
Far away, you hear the voicing,
Of the meadow-lark rejoicing,
At the awakening of the spring-time
And at the promise in the sky.

Have you felt the nerve vibration?
And joyous exhilaration?
As you heed the "Call of the Wild"
That calls the loudest in the spring?
Overhead you hear the ringing
Of the notes the songbirds singing,
While all nature seems rejoicing
At the awakening of spring.

ALL HAIL TO THE FLOWERS

All hail to the flowers,
To the sweet blushing flowers,
All hail to the flowers ever blooming fair,
That through life's checkered story,
Like stars in their glory,
Still brighten our pathways and lighten our care.

All hail to the flowers,
To the bright blooming flowers,
The flowers that bloom ever lovely and gay,
May their sweet shining faces
And their heavenly graces
Still brighten our paths as the years roll away!

WHAT JOY TO TREAD THE SILENT PATH

What joy to tread the silent path
That stretches through the forest wild,
And roam through upland, glade, or glen
Where nature still is undefiled.

What joy to roam the woodlands o'er
Where only forest life abound,
Where nature sows with lavish hand
But only nature's work is found.

What sense of peaceful solitude
The vast expanse of wilds afford,
Afar from beaten paths of man
Where nature's melodies accord.

THE MAINE WOODS

There is a country, wild and fair,
Where lofty mountain peaks are looming;
Here fragrant balsam fills the air,
From out the pines and flowers blooming.

A boundless country, far and wide,
Mountain, forest, and lake ensuing;
Here silence reigns on every side
That's broken only by nature's doing.

At times the endless woods awake
From out a silence quite appalling,
As far across the mountain lake
Comes shriek of loon or heron's calling.

FOR HIM WHO WILL SEEK

Midst the reaches of woodland I wander to-day,
Through the heart of a wildwood of tree and of
vine,
While the lark overhead wakes the wood with his
lay,
To re-echo for miles through the hemlock and pine.

There's a feeling of calm in the earth and the air,
That awakens new hope where the spirit is weak,
For the soul that is weary, a haven is there,
And new life in the woodlands for him who will
seek.

BEYOND

Beyond, amid the birds and the flowers,
Beyond, where all nature's at play,
Beyond, amid the leafy bowers,
Ah, there's where I'd wander to-day.

Beyond, where the fields are alluring,
Beyond, where the woodlands are gay,
Beyond, where wild nature is stirring,
Ah, there's where my heart is to-day.

Beyond, amid the fields and the uplands
Beyond, where nature's glories abide,
Beyond, I would roam through the woodlands
With nothing but fancy to guide.

EVENING

Lightly now the setting sun,
Bathes the eastern hills with gold,
Shines from out the horizon,
While the deeper shades unfold.

Lightly the evening star,
Sheds a flood of silv'ry ray,
Like a beacon from afar,
Lighting up the waning day.

Darker still the shadows fall,
While the moon and stars grow bright,
See unfolding to the view,
All the glories of the night!

Soon a firmament of stars,
Their watch in heaven maintain,
Saturn, Jupiter and Mars,
High in heaven's broad domain.

THE WORK OF GOD

When the somber of the woodlands turns to green,
When the first blossoms of the spring are seen,
When song birds are calling and vernal showers
 falling,
Lo, the magic touch of nature transforms each living
 thing,
And the earth is gladdened with a touch of spring.

The working out of nature's laws, unfolding to the
 eye,
Fills the mind with wonder and the heart with
 ecstasy.
We watch the mighty working with a feeling ever
 new,
'Tis the hand of God renewing with a touch that's
 ever true.

Beyond the earth, the heavens a firmament array,
The moon, the countless stars by night, the glorious
 sun by day.
What was the beginning of all time? The Lord
 alone can tell
Whose mind conceived a universe and fashioned all
 things well,
And built the stars in heaven that for all time ac-
 cord,
A monument to the constancy and glory of our
 Lord.

STAND BY THE FLAG

Stand by the flag in the hour of peril,
Stand by the flag and the land of your birth!
If we'd be free we must rally with freeman.
Stand by the flag and defend home and hearth!

Would we prove worthy of those who before us
Died for the freedom we cherish to-day?
We too must rise in defense of that freedom,
United and strong as they showed the way.

United and strong in time of peril,
Stand by the flag and the land of your birth,
Show that the flower of freedom once planted
Blooms on forever to brighten the earth.

AMERICA WILL GRASP THE SWORD

When the nation's freedom and right
Are threatened by a despot's might;
When war and hate are given birth,
And Hell let loose upon the earth;
Her sons invoked at freedom's call,
In freedom's cause will stand or fall.

The eagle from his mountain height,
Guards well his own with savage might.
The hardiest will scarcely dare
To beard the monarch in his lair,
And so must we at danger's call,
No less than he, defend our all.

Throughout the land our banners wave,
Throughout the land the true and brave,
Just as the eagle guards the crag,
Are rallying to guard the flag.
From North, from South, the country wide
Are gathering the nation's pride.

Our flag, our flaming cross, shall be;
Shall rouse the land from sea to sea.
A mighty host shall heed the call,
America will stake its all,
Unitedly with one accord
A nation strong, we'll grasp the sword.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE
69TH N. Y. N. G. LEAVING FOR THE
FRONT

I saw Fifth Avenue to-day,
A scene of patriotism
And of mighty wealth and power.
I saw our troops in khaki-grey,
With measured step, march on their way.

It was a most impressive sight
Of martial, soldiery array.
As with their banners gleaming bright,
Their arms reflecting back the light,
Our Sixty-Ninth marched off to-day.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Then here's a song to the sturdy and strong
Who safeguard the land of the free,
May they strike for the right with main and might
Where God and their country decree.

Then join in the song, and the chorus prolong,
A song to the brave and the true.
For each Mother's son will shoulder a gun
In defense of the Red, White and Blue.

Not for a king nor the sake of the thing,
Not for conquest nor lust for war,
But for God and right we will rise in our might
And strike for the flag we adore.

Then join in the song, and the chorus prolong,
A song to the brave and the true.
For each Mother's son will shoulder a gun
In defense of the Red, White and Blue.

Let disturbers take care, and those beware
Who scoff at the rights of the free.
We will stand for the right with main and might
Where God and our country decree.

Then join in the song, and the chorus prolong,
A song to the brave and the true.
For each Mother's son will shoulder a gun
In defense of the Red, White and Blue.

GETTYSBURG

I stood beside the field at Gettysburg
And in a reverie I thought I saw
The great battle fought all over again.
And as the smoke of battle cleared away
I thought I saw an angel weep beside the slain.

And death in all its ghastliness was here,
And deeply grieved the angel o'er her dead
Though here a mighty deed was wrought full well
And here her children had not died in vain,
For slavery's doom was heralded as they fell.

Startled from my reverie I awoke.
The angel and the scene of death was gone,
Where mightily the warring hosts had strived,
And where the flower of our manhood fell;
No vantage remained—but liberty survived.

EASTER

Bright is the sun with its quickening ray,
That heralds in, in garments grey,
The beautiful dawn of the Easter Day.

Fair is the morn with the lark on the wing,
Glad is the song that the song-birds sing,
Nature's in smiles as it welcomes the spring.

True is the heart where faith can abide,
Sweet is the joy that faith will provide,
Joyously we welcome the glad Eastertide.

EASTER CHIMES

Hark! To the words the chimes seem to say,
"Christ is arisen to glory to-day."

Joy in the chiming, mirth in the lay,
Christ is arisen in heaven to sway.

Hark! The echo! Resounding the mirth,
"Christ shall return and shall reclaim the earth."

OUR LORD

Thy star of glory has arisen,
To shine resplendent over all the earth,
A beacon-light that points the way to heaven
That all may profit by Thy birth.

That all may join beneath Thy Standard
That standard of immortal truth and worth,
And trusting in their God and in Thy promise,
Proclaim Thee Lord over all the earth.

JESUS GUIDE ME

Jesus guide me on my way,
If from Thee my footsteps stray,
If from Thee I'd be beguiled;
Jesus guard Thy erring child.

Wordly wealth ends with the grave,
Earthly powers cannot save,
This I know that love of Thee
Is a world of strength to me.

O GOD OF LOVE

O God of love, I pray to Thee,
That Thou wilt comfort me
And quicken with new life, the heart
That I would give to Thee.

Be Thou my guide and give me strength
That I may do my part,
Thy badge of loyalty I'd wear
Engraven on my heart.

LOVE ABIDETH FOREVER

As broad as the mighty Sahara,
As deep as the great rolling sea,
Was the love Christ bore unto mankind,
Though he suffered death on the tree.

Man's mightiest works are forgotten,
And nations may come and may go,
Love alone abideth forever
In the Heavens and earth below.

Each succeeding season returning
Brings its share of joy and of pain,
But our lives have not been a failure
When the Spirit of Love remains.

IN THINE ABIDING PLACE

Would I could fly away,
Light-hearted, blithe, and gay,
Beyond the sky!
Like to a soul that's free,
From earth's mortality,
My God, I'd fly to Thee,
To dwell on high.

Like to the burnished dove's
Note of unchanging love,
Thy praise I'd sing.
In Thine abiding place,
Grant me the needed grace,
To look upon Thy face,
O Lord, my King!

THE LIGHT OF CHRISTIANITY

Down through the ages that intervene
Since He, the lowly Nazarene,
Died on the cross at Calvary;
A great and luminous light we see
Breaking in upon the nations of the earth.
It is the light of Christianity.

Through the ages to come that light shall glow
And its volume shall gain as the ages go,
And its rays shall lighten in turmoil and strife,
While it cheers and brightens each pathway in life,
Unto the closing of life and the judgment day
And the Lord decrees in His infinite way.

If we trace back this light to its fountain head
We see Christ arisen from the dead,
Victorious over death and the grave,
Christ, the Saviour and Lord of all.
Who came to win over sin and strife
For God and for everlasting life.

Through the ages to come that light shall glow
And its volume shall gain as the ages go
And its rays shall lighten in turmoil and strife
While it cheers and brightens each pathway in life
Unto the closing of life and the judgment day
And the Lord decrees in His infinite way.

COULD I SCAN THE BOOK OF
KNOWLEDGE

Could I scan the book of knowledge
that no mortal man is shown,
Could I span the mighty chasm that
separates the known from the unknown,
Could I see deep into nature, see
beyond all mortal sight
I must change my finite being for
the infinite.

TRUTH

Truth,
Heaven-born,
Law of God
And of His universe,
And only partially fathomable to man,
Though ever sought by him,
And differently interpreted by all.

How doubly blessed is he who
Conforms to, and lives in
Harmony with, Thy laws.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

O Christ, our Savior and our King,
Our hope of life in realms above,
Give us the grace thy praise to sing
With greater faith and love.
And crowning all with faith in Thee
Grant us of thy bounteous store; Faith, Hope and
Charity.

'Twas Thine to bring us from above
A note of greater faith and hope
And tell us of the Father's love.
'Twas Thine to give a greater scope,
A greater breadth to thought and mind,
'Twas Thine to forge a bond of love to link man-
kind.

THE AGED PRELATE

The glories of the setting sun
Shone on his scanty locks of white,
The spirit of another world
Shone in his pallid features bright.

With gentle mien and fortitude,
He faced the parting of the ways,
And all-abiding faith did cheer
And solace these,—his closing days.

His tired soul now longed for rest
With trust in Heaven for reward,
A long and useful life he'd given
Unto the service of the Lord.

A DEMOCRATIC CHURCH

I like a democratic church
Beneath whose crowning steeple
All men may meet on common ground,
A Church for all the people.

In social life they'd draw the line,
Ascribe to each his station.
But who would e'er a line define
To meet God's approbation?

'Tis not the clothes that make the man
Nor yet the rank nor station.
They form no factor in the plan
That works for one's salvation.

In many things we correspond,
Though differing in others,
We're still united by a bond
That stamps all men as brothers.

CHRISTMAS

He who was Prince of love,
Came from His home above,
Friend of the meek and the lowly of earth.
All ye, who own His sway,
On this, His natal day,
Sing loud the joyful lay praising His worth.

He the annointed One,
God's well-beloved son,
Hope of the faithful, bright star of earth,
King of Godly power,
On this festive hour
Join ye in commemorating His birth.

CHILDHOOD

Fond memories of childhood and scenes of my youth,
Sweet hours of innocence, gladness, and truth,
Long gone from my life, like a fleet passing day,
And all but the memory faded away.

Is it well to lament over years that are fled?
Or to wish the return of the joys that are dead?
How vain our regrets over life's fleeting hour
That's gone forever beyond earthly power.

A DREAM OF A BY-GONE DAY

It was in a dream of a by-gone day
And of memories that had passed away,
Fond memories of life's early hour,
I saw again the scenes I had known
E'er childhood's recollections had flown
Revealed by some mystical power.

Oh, mystic power that would fain
Bring my childhood back again
Can'st recall life's early number
And awake through all my slumber
Visions of the long departed
Memories of the long ago?

I felt again the home-ties of youth
Return with vivid power and truth,
Fond home-ties of life's early hour,
The strength and the warmth of love I had known,
Undimmed and unchanged by years that had flown,
Revived by some mystical power.

Oh, mystic power that would fain
Bring my childhood back again
Can'st recall life's early number
And awake through all my slumber
Visions of the long departed
Memories of the long ago?

COME SING THE OLD TIME MELODIES

Come sing the old-time melodies
Songs of a by-gone day,
All linked by fondest memories,
To years long passed away.

Linked to the years that are ever dear,
The years we would prolong,
The years long passed but ever near,
In mystic realm of song.

Come sing the old songs sweet and low,
And give free fancy rein,
Until our feelings overflow,
And we are boys again.

JUST A HOME

Just beyond the busy highways,
The city marts and by-ways;
Just beyond the broad avenues where city people
dwell,
Where the song-bird's notes are swelling;
There's a cosy little dwelling,
There is no place else on earth
I love so well.

Just the cosiest little nest,
Just a place for peace and rest,
Just a spot that's dear to-day,
As in the year that's flown,
Here flowers of hope are blooming,
Unpretentious, unassuming,
Just a cosy little home that's
All our own.

OUR BABY

There's a little ray of sunshine,
That has come into our lives,
A bouncing, blue-eyed, baby boy,
And goodness! How he thrives!

From out the vale of Slumberland,
The mysterious one arrives,
This mighty, consequential chap
That has come into our lives.

TRAVELING LIFE'S PATHWAY TO- GETHER

Traveling life's pathway, husband and wife,
Sharing the joys and the sorrows of life,
Sharing life's pathway together.

Strengthening bonds of affection each year,
Life's checkered pathway to brighten and cheer,
Life's checkered pathway together.

Braving the storms and the battle of life,
The care and the toil, the pain and the strife,
Throughout life's journey together.

Throughout life's journey on to the close
Sharing the pleasures, and sharing the woes,
Closing life's journey together.

THE HUDSON RIVER

In the heavens the sun is brightly shining,
While the broad river flows smoothly on its way.
All nature seems rejoicing, still my heart is pining
For they have called my soldier-lad away.

While the waters ebb and flow,
While the sun-beams dance and quiver,
All its length a silvery glow,
Flows the lordly Hudson River.

'Twas here by the river our troth was plighted;
And here by the nooks he loved I stroll each day;
For though all nature's smiling, still my heart is
 blighted,
For God has called my soldier-lad away.

Ever on the waters glide,
With a slow majestic motion,
Changing only with the tide,
Sweeping ever to the ocean.

Time heals all wounds and God's sweet mercy ever
Gives us the strength to bear our sorrow and pain,
We believe it, for He has given His word forever,
In the hereafter we shall meet again.

Still the silvery waters glow,
Still the sunbeams dance and quiver,
Still the Hudson waters flow
Gliding on their course forever.

THE JERSEY SHORE

There are picturesque places we hear of at times,
And lands of rare beauty to see,
But the land I adore is the fair Jersey Shore,
It's a land of great charm for me.

Over where the highlands and the ocean meet,
Over where the Barnegat winds a silvery sheet,
Winding down the ocean front a hundred miles or
more
Is the land I sing about, the fair New Jersey Shore.

Over where one's thoughts easily run to rhyme,
Over where myriad birds are singing overtime,
Over where the ocean laps the beach in ceaseless
roar,
Far away the sun is shining on the Jersey Shore.

EUCLID AVENUE, CLEVELAND

There's a row of stately mansions
Outlined clear against the sky,
With a depth of sloping fore-lawns
Ever pleasing to the eye.
Far away the scenery lingers,
Mile on mile of changing view
Far beyond the city by-ways
Runs the grand old avenue.

Familiar to early childhood
And to boyhood's happy year,
And treasured still in memory,
Are its recollections dear.
In my mind I see the picture,
All the well known scenes review,
And my thoughts go back to childhood,
And the grand old avenue.

HURRAH FOR THE ALLIES OF 1912-13

Hurrah for the Bulgar,
The fighting Bulgar
Hurrah for the Spirit
He has given birth,
Fighting for liberty
Men of the Balkans,
Champions of Christendom,
Valor and worth.

Hurrah for the Bulgar,
The Greek and the Serbian,
Allies doing Christendom's work.
Fighting resistlessly,
With might unexpected,
Freeing the land,
Of the unspeakable Turk.

Force the ramparts of Adrianople,
Push on to Constantinople,
Yonder's the goal already in sight,
With added impetus, resistless, untiring,
Bulgar, Serbian, and Greek to the fight.

ERIN

Erin, once seat of ancient lore,
And ruled by native kings,
Where is the honored name you bore
To which but memory clings?
To-day, unhappy land of strife,
Thy soul in misery delves,
With Erin's sons, with discord rife,
Divided among themselves.

CAESAR

Rome was already in decline,
Ere he, the arbiter of his time,
The first and mightiest of his line,
Made himself master of her destinies.

The master spirit in command,
The helm obeyed the master's hand,
And Rome waxed powerful in the land,
While far off Britain felt the Roman yoke.

He infused into the Roman state,
The strength that long postponed its fate,
And saved to a more propitious date,
The ancient civilization of Rome.

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR

Hark to the merry din
As the infant year is ushered in,
With laughter and song
And with bells pealing long,
With the tooting of horns,
And the best of good cheer,
With playing and dancing
And with music entrancing,
The city welcomes the birth of the year.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

There's a saying old and time-worn,
That through all the centuries by-gone,
Even at the dawn of history,
Was known to man.

And as at history's dawning,
Unto this day we hear the warning,
That has echoed down the centuries,
Since life began.

There's a promise providential,
And a warning note potential,
In the simple little adage,
"Waste not, want not."

A DUAL NATURE

There is within the heart of man
Impulse for good and ill,
With each side doing what it can
To dominate the will.

A conflict's ever going on
Deep in one's inner life,
The evil and the good thereof
Are in everlasting strife.

DEATH

Death came on the winds,
Like a thief at night,
As the last lingering hope
Had left us.
He touched on the chord of life
With his might,
And of our dearly loved one
Bereft us.

Like the dew of morn
Our loved one is gone,
Far from the vale
Of anguish and sorrow.
But life's but a day,
Fast fleeting away,
With God's help we will meet
On the morrow.

STAR OF HOPE

Shining brightly through the skies,
Star of hope that never dies,
Light of heaven of wondrous ray,
Omen of a better day.

Omen of a better day
When right shall resume its sway,
Promise of a glorious morrow,
Joy triumphant over sorrow.

Piercing deep the heart of man
Hope eternal springs again,
Bright star of hope our wish to thee
Is life for an eternity.

DREAMLAND

There's a land that is queer,
And wonderfully dear,
Unlike anything we find upon earth,
A land that we all of us visit at times
And is known unto each from his birth.

A land of illusion
In quaintest profusion
A land where nothing is quite what it seems,
A land that is dear, if our conscience is clear,
Is the land that we see in our dreams.

A mysterious land,
That we don't understand,
A land of visions both dear and uncouth,
Like the wonderland told of in fairy tales,
Is the dreamland we know in our youth.

Land of inspirations
And great revelations
Land of mysterious prophetic truth,
Still dear in many ways, as in our childhood days,
Is the Dreamland of Age, and of Youth.

ANNETTE'S GARDEN

Fairer flowers are never seen
Than in Ann's garden growing.
Not even fairy hands, I ween,
Could make a fairer floral showing.

I could not tell in all my days
One half the glories of these flowers
Nor in what ingenious ways
They're fashioned into plots and bowers.

Annette's flowers are blooming fair,
Everywhere with joy illuming,
But fairer still and far more rare
Is Ann, herself, sweet, unassuming.

YOUR MEMORY I'LL TREASURE

There's one who will ever be dear to my heart,
There's a tie that no parting can sever,
No matter what oceans or seas do us part,
Your memory I'll treasure forever.

As long as the life in this bosom shall last
And as long as the heart feels emotion,
Unto you will it turn through the years as they pass,
With a heart's never failing devotion.

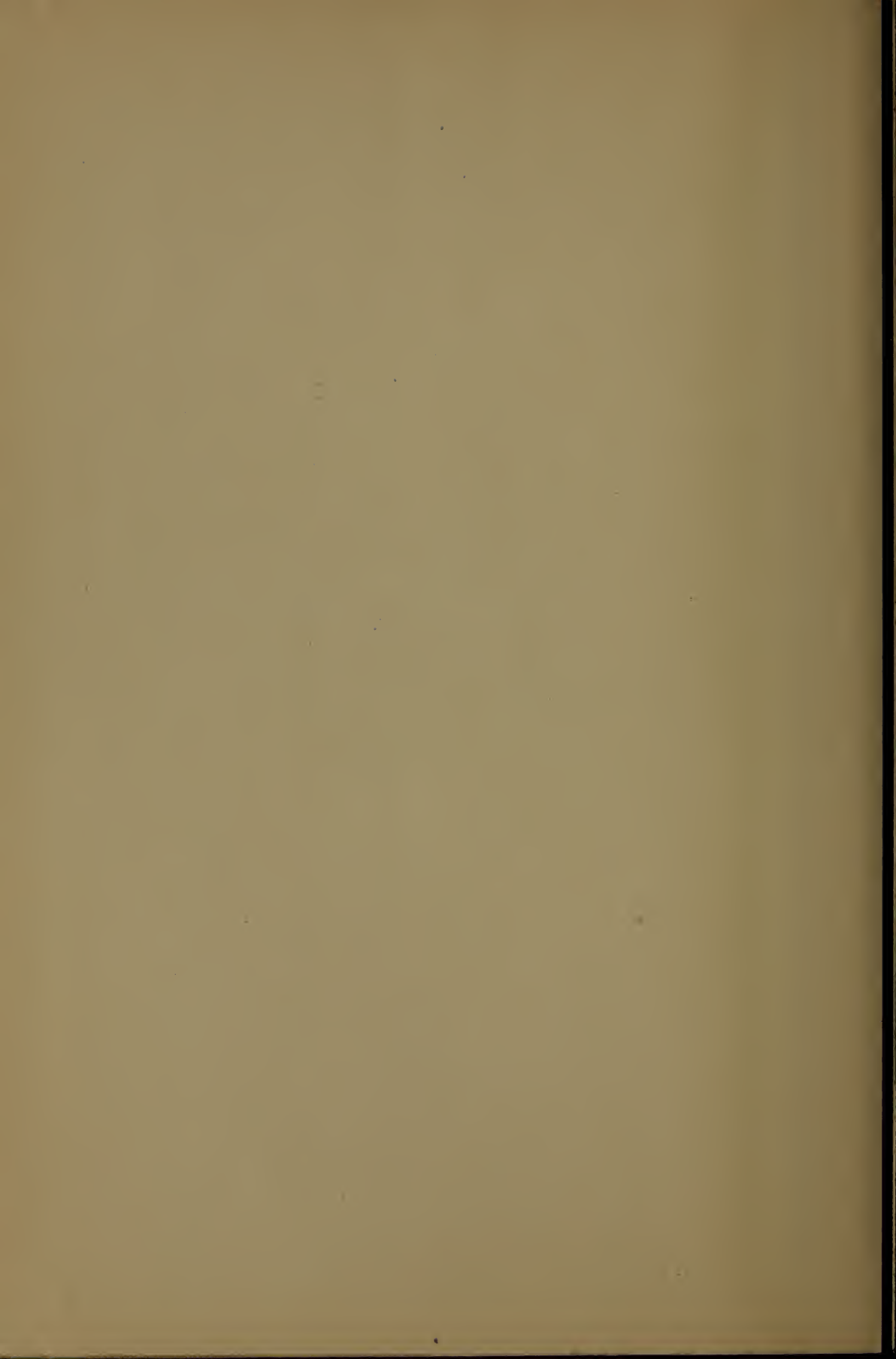
TO COMPLETE THE PLAN

Musing by the river side while in ceaseless motion,
The river-waters flow smoothly on their way.
Ever on their wanted course to the mother ocean,
This to me the murmuring waters seemed to say.

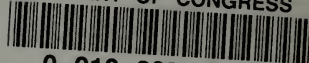
“Life is like the water-course going on forever,
Death is but a circumstance to the soul of man,
Even though the body dies, God (the spirit giver)
Takes again each thread of life to complete the
plan.”







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